

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

SOUTH AMERICA.

1. *Narrative of the Expedition which sailed from England, in 1817, to join the South American Patriots; comprising every Particular connected with its Formation, History, and Fate; with Observations on the real Character of the Contest.* By James Hackett, First Lieutenant in the late Venezuela Artillery Brigade. 8vo. pp. 144. London, 1818.

2. *Narrative of the Expedition to South America, which sailed from England at the Close of 1817, for the Service of the Spanish Patriots, including the Military and Naval Transactions, and ultimate Fate of that Expedition, with other interesting Occurrences.* By C. Brown, late Captain of the Venezuelan Brigade of Light Artillery. 8vo. pp. 194. London.

THERE are few subjects of more importance, and none on which such contradictory statements have been made, as the revolutionary war in South America. The newspapers daily teem with reports from both parties, of towns taken and armies annihilated; the latter, however, seem to rise again like Banquo's ghost, and appear formidable as ever. During the late war in the peninsula, when accounts of the destruction of legions of French soldiers succeeded each other with great rapidity, we recollect the editor of a country newspaper enumerating the reported losses of the French during one year, when they were found to be double the number that had actually entered Spain. Were the same plan to be adopted with regard to the contest in South America, we believe the Spanish accounts would be found to state the destruction of Patriots equal to the whole male population of the provinces where the war is carrying on, while, on the other hand, the successes of the Patriots would be no less exaggerated.

But to Englishmen, there is another feature in this contest much more important. The agents of the South American Republics, in London, have, by fraud and falsehood, seduced many of our countrymen to risk their lives, and the little fortune they possessed, in this ruinous contest, on promises which were never intended to be realised. The name of liberty is dear to an Englishman, and wherever its banner is unfurled, he hastens to its support. That this, more any than hopes of personal advantage, has induced many of our fellow countrymen to join the standard of the South American Patriots, is pretty certain, and Lieutenant Hackett is a proof of this, since, notwithstanding the total failure of all his hopes, and the misery and privations that he has endured, he is still a friend to the Patriot cause.

We have coupled these works of Lieutenant Hackett and Captain Brown together, as they both relate to the

same expedition. The former states its origin, and a narrative of facts relating to it, from its first sailing from the Thames, in December 1817, up to the time that he left it, when the brigade was disbanded, because General Bolivar would not acknowledge their dispatches, which were forwarded at considerable danger and expence, to the Patriot army, then about eight hundred miles up the river Orinoco. Captain Brown details the circumstances that occurred after Lieutenant Hackett quitted the expedition, and thus renders the narrative complete. We may here observe in the outset, that both these officers are, on personal experience, firmly persuaded of the folly or madness of British subjects joining either of the contending armies in South America. On this subject, and on the savage nature of the contest, Lieutenant Hackett says:—

‘It is a melancholy truth, that the sanguinary and ferocious character of the warfare, which has reflected lasting disgrace on the contending parties on the continent of South America, also governs the proceedings of the hostile navies; the indiscriminate destruction of prisoners is most generally accomplished, by compelling the ill-fated captives to pass through the ceremony, which is technically called *Walking the Plank*. For this purpose, a plank is made fast on the gangway of the ship, with one end projecting some feet beyond the side; the wretched victims are then forced, in succession, to proceed along the fatal board, and precipitate themselves from its extremity into the ocean; whilst those who, instinctively clinging to life, hesitate prompt obedience to the brutal mandate, are soon compelled, at the point of the spear, to resign themselves to a watery grave, to avoid the aggravated cruelties of their inhuman conquerors.

‘The Independents, who (as has been before observed,) impute the origin of this barbarous mode of warfare to the Royalists, resort for their justification, in adopting a similar course of proceeding, to the necessity of retaliation. How far this defence should be received, as a palliation of their conduct, I will leave others to determine; but although some may, perhaps, allow this argument, as applied to the Patriots themselves, to moderate the indignation and horror which such outrages against humanity and feeling must naturally excite; yet, surely, one undecided opinion must exist, of its being totally inapplicable to foreigners, who, although they may enter the Patriot service, warm with enthusiasm for their cause, confident in its justice, and zealous to promote its triumph, are still but volunteers or auxiliaries, personally uninterested in the dispute, and strangers to the sufferings, embittered feelings, and reciprocal wrongs, which have tended mutually to exacerbate the hostility of the two parties.

‘Under such circumstances, it may be asked then—Can foreigners attach themselves ever to the side of justice, without compromising every feeling of honour and humanity? The answer can scarcely be otherwise than in the negative; and this alone, without particularly enforcing the impolicy of the speculation in various other respects, is, as I humbly conceive, conclusive against British officers, or British subjects identifying themselves with either of the parties engaged

in the contest, which has so long ravaged and depopulated the fertile plains of the South American continent.'

Captain Brown, who had still longer experience, in his preface, says:—

'He feels it a duty which he owes to his countrymen, to exert his humble efforts for the purpose of preventing them, by all the means in his power, from precipitating themselves into that misery from which, after a tedious period of sufferings, he has succeeded in extricating himself.'

On this subject, he further observes, that his inducement to publish the work was—

'To expose the delusions still practised by the interested agents, employed by those persons now materially concerned in the success of the Patriots of South America, who, well aware of the unprecedented misery that awaits the volunteer, still hold out to him the alluring promise of speedily accumulating a fortune and military preferment.'

In the event of the success of the Republic, a British subject is to receive a grant of land *equivalent* to his arrears of pay, &c. But this land, Captain Brown thinks, would be given in a part of the country in which the natives would refuse to settle, and at a considerable distance from the more civilized parts of the country; and, as to the other inducement, that of promotion, it appears still more improbable.

'As to promotion, (Captain Brown says) is it not natural to imagine, that the preference will be given to natives? That such is the intention is manifest beyond a doubt, from the following declaration of their chiefs:—"We do not want officers, but men who will carry the musket, and act in obedience to those of our countrymen, whom we shall be pleased to appoint to command them."

'The natives already, while nothing is in their power, evince great jealousy of the British, (whom they call heretics;) what then can any officer expect, when he shall demand his promised reward, and be dependent on the smiles of these *now* ungrateful people, who, as the volunteer was led to expect, were groaning under a yoke of misery, and whom the Royalists ruled with a rod of iron. Yet, what is now their situation and great change.

'The Indians, of whom the army is principally composed, are taken from their native missions, and torn from the bosom of their families, to co-operate in the cause of freedom; of which, after all their services, they only retain the empty sound.'

Such are the declarations of two gentlemen, who, attached to the cause of South American independence, had been induced to volunteer to aid its achievement, but experienced all the miseries which false promises by their agents here, and the ingratitude of the Patriots themselves, had caused them. We now proceed to the narrative.

Five distinct corps of Englishmen were induced to volunteer into the service of the South American Patriots, in the year 1817, through the intrigues of Don Luis Lopez Mendez, the deputy of the Republic of Venezuela. The first of these was a brigade of foot artillery, consisting of five light six pounders, one five and a half inch howitzer, a suitable number of officers, and ninety men. To this brigade, Messrs. Hackett and Brown were attached. The *second* corps was a troop of hussars, under the command of Colonel Hipplesley*. The *third* was also a corps of hussars, commanded by Colonel Wilson. The *fourth*, a rifle corps, under the command of Colonel

* For an account of this corps, we refer to our review of Colonel Hipplesley's Narrative, in No. 15 of the Literary Chronicle.—ED.

Campbell; and the *fifth*, a corps of two hundred and twenty lancers, under Colonel Skeene, all of whom, unfortunately, perished off Ushant, by the shipwreck of the *Indian* transport.

These several corps sailed from England, in December, 1817; the artillery brigade, of which it is our business more immediately to speak, was on board the *Britannia*. The general rendezvous was appointed at St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's, where they were to be more particularly acquainted with their future destination. The first, second, and third corps, reached St. Bartholomew's in safety, where they remained some weeks waiting for authentic intelligence from Venezuela. Mr. Ritchie, a supercargo of one of the vessels, was despatched to another island for information, which was so unsatisfactory, that he determined not to proceed to an independent port with his freight. The prospect for our English crusaders was now by no means cheering, and they dreaded every moment being forced on shore, dependent on their individual resources for subsistence:—

'Such (says Lieutenant Hackett) was our situation, when the occurrence of the following circumstance so irritated and displeased the Governor, that he commanded us to leave the island before the expiration of the ensuing week. In relating the particulars of this event, it will be necessary to refer back to the day but one previous to our return from Saint Martin's:—On the forenoon of this day, a Spanish polacre, laden with wine, brandy, oil, and, as was also understood, some specie, bound from Cadiz to the Havannah, put into Marygott Bay, and there anchored. Almost immediately after our arrival at St. Bartholomew's, we were alarmed by the discharge of a gun in the town, and repaired to the place from whence the report proceeded; when, to our great astonishment, we found the entire garrison under arms, the Governor and fort-major with the troops, and the town in a perfect uproar. A small schooner, full of men, in the middle of the harbour, appeared the general object of curiosity and inquiry; and an armed boat, which had been despatched by the Governor, for the purpose of bringing those persons ashore, was soon after seen returning; and, with astonishment and regret, we beheld Colonel W—, with a number of his officers and some other individuals, conveyed on shore as prisoners, all armed, and disguised under large cloaks. It appeared that they were on the point of proceeding to Marygott Bay, for the purpose of cutting out the Spanish polacre, whose arrival at that place has been already mentioned; but the Governor, having, through some channel, received information of their daring project, frustrated the design, and apprehended the party. The polacre, indeed, was otherwise secure from the attack, having sailed from Marygott early in the forenoon. The prize-master, who came into Gustavia the day after our arrival, was likewise a conspicuous character in this enterprise. Colonel W— and his party were shortly after restored to liberty; but notice was transmitted to Colonel Elliott, stating the particulars of the late intended attack, and warning him against similar attempts. I was subsequently informed, that the French admiral, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, proceeded to St. Bartholomew's in search of Colonel W—, who had, fortunately for him, left that island for Grenada.'

Subsequent accounts of the Patriot cause, from Grenada, were so unfavourable, that Colonel Gilmore disbanded the artillery brigade. Some of the poor fellows belonging to it, who were thus left deserted, joined Col. Wilson's corps at Grenada, and others, who had the means of doing it, got to North America. Lieutenant Hackett waited for some time undecided, when several officers, arriving from the Spanish main, clearly proved

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the madness of their ferocious disposition, and convinced our authors,—

‘That it would be preferable to risk every vicissitude of fortune, rather than personally engage in a contest, not only far more hazardous, and accompanied by infinitely greater hardships and privations, than an ordinary state of hostilities, on principles at variance with every feeling of honour and humanity; whilst the extreme difficulty attendant on a departure from the Patriot service, of those who once actually join their standard, renders every attempt at return so nearly impracticable, as to place foreigners, thus circumstanced, almost in a state of slavery.’

The picture exhibited by these gentlemen of the Patriots, is not such as is likely to increase the number of their followers, especially from England; Lieutenant Hackett thus details the information they gave him:—

‘They assured us, in consequence of the extended duration of the war, and exterminating principle upon which it had been conducted, the country in general displayed one uniform scene of devastation and wretchedness. That the Patriot forces were reduced to a state of the greatest poverty, totally devoid of discipline, and not one-fourth provided with proper military arms, the remainder being compelled to resort to bludgeons, knives, and such other weapons as they found most readily procurable.

‘In clothing they were still more destitute and deficient; in most instances, merely consisting of fragments of coarse cloth wrapt round their bodies, and pieces of the raw buffalo hide laced over their feet as a substitute for shoes, which, when hardened by the sun’s heat, they again render pliant by immersion in the first stream at which they chance to arrive.

‘A blanket, with a hole cut in the middle, let over the head, and tightened round the body by a buffalo thong, has been frequently the dress of the officers; and one of them who witnessed the fact, assured me, that such was actually the uniform of a British Colonel (R—), who was at that time in the Independent service. Whilst these gentlemen thus described the Patriot habiliments, they commented in the strongest language on the impolicy and imprudence of proceeding to serve in conjunction with an army barefooted and in rags, provided with such splendid uniforms as we had been obliged to procure? and ridiculed the strange contrast which our dresses and those of the Patriots would exhibit in the field; observing, that such clothes would be alone sufficient to excite the jealousy of the natives, to whose eagerness for their possession, we would almost inevitably become a sacrifice.

‘The Independent armies march in hordes, without order or discipline; their baggage consisting of little more than the scanty covering on their backs. They are totally destitute of tents, and, in their encampments, observe neither regularity nor system. The commanding officers are generally mounted, and likewise such of the others as are able to provide themselves with horses or mules, the latter of which are in great plenty. The exterminating principle upon which the war is carried on between the contending parties, render their campaigns bloody and destructive; desolation marks the progress of those hostile bands, to whose inveterate enmities the innocent and unoffending inhabitants are equally the victims, with those actually opposed to them in military strife. In action, the Independents display much bravery and determination, and frequently prove successful, notwithstanding their want of discipline, deficiency of arms, and disorderly manner of attack and defence. Unhappily, the work of death terminates not with the battle, for, on whatsoever side victory rests, the events which immediately succeed those sanguinary struggles, are such as must cast an indelible stain upon the Spanish American Revolution.

‘The engagement is scarcely ended, when an indiscriminate massacre of the prisoners takes place; nor is the slaughter only confined to the captives, the field also undergoes an

inspection, when the helpless wounded are in like manner put to the sword.’

A striking instance of the ferocious cruelty of the Royalists, and of that disgrace to human nature, General Morillo, (who, however, is not more sanguinary than the Patriots,) was related to our author, by an officer present in the engagement, in which the transaction originated:—

‘A young French officer, in the service of the Independents, had his arm severed from his shoulder by a sabre cut, and being unable to sustain himself from loss of blood, he sunk to the ground. His distinguished bravery had, however, been observed by his companions, who succeeded in bearing him off the field, from whence they conveyed him into the woods, and sheltered him in a negro hut; where, having applied such balsam as could be procured, they departed. The armies retired to other parts of the country, and the officer was fast recovering from the effects of his wound, when General Morillo, advancing upon the same route, discovered his retreat, and had him instantly put to death.’

Lieutenant Hackett, after enduring every misery and privation that a person without money and without friends, who is abandoned on an inhospitable and unhealthy shore, could endure, worked his passage from the island of St. Kitt’s as a common sailor, and reached England to warn his countrymen against the delusive dreams of honour or advantage, to be reaped in the cause of the South American Patriots.

Captain Brown remained behind, and, with about twenty men of the brigade, joined Colonel Campbell’s rifle corps, who had expressed a determination to prosecute their voyage at all hazards. The intention of the colonel was, to procure some small vessels to transport them up the Orinoco; but he changed his plan, and wished the officers to sign a paper binding them to follow his fortunes, promising that he would lead them to a country, where they would be amply compensated for all their disappointments. This, however, Captain Brown and several others declined; and, having procured a passage, sailed to St. Thomas’s, where they found Colonel Gilmore, who was anxious to return home. Captain Brown proceeded to the Dutch settlement, St. Eustace, and, while waiting for a passage to St. Kitts, Admiral Bryon arrived with two brigs and a schooner, laden with mules, in order to sell them, and, in return, purchased provisions, arms, and powder, of which they stood in the greatest need on the main. Captain Brown waited on the admiral, who promised largely, silenced all his scruples, and induced him to embark on board the Condor; a vessel, the crew of which was composed entirely of Indians, nearly naked, of a wild and savage appearance. The officers, with the exception of the captain, were all North Americans. On their passage to St. Bartholomew’s, they had nearly perished for the want of provisions and water. When off St. Bartholomew’s, they captured a pirate schooner, which had indiscriminately made prize of all vessels, likely to prove lucrative, that fell in her way. The Patriot fleet soon discovered the Royalist force:—

‘Bryon’s first intention was, in conjunction with the San Martin, to have laid the Victoria alongside the Nymph, she being the most formidable; the rest were to act as circumstances might demand; but, upon second consideration, it was determined, as soon as the adverse fleet should come up, to close with them, as the only chance of success was to abandon our own ships and seek a speedy victory or death on

board of their's. The adjacent hills of St. Bartholomew were covered with people, waiting to behold this contention for freedom. The Independent colours, with the admiral's flag, were nailed to the mast, and a train laid in the magazine, it being resolved to blow up both ourselves and enemies, rather than yield and incur an ignominious death, to be inflicted in all its horrors.'

No engagement, however, took place, and the Patriot fleet proceeded to Margarita, where, our author says, misery is depicted in every object that presents itself. Bread had not been seen on the island for many months. The greater part of the inhabitants, who are of a dark copper colour, live entirely under the manchineel trees, that extend along the sand, to the branches of which they hang their hammocks. Their subsistence depends on their success in fishing, to which occupation they repair early in the morning, in their canoes. Of the properties of the manchineel trees, our author gives the following curious account:—

'This tree is of a most poisonous nature, and is often of the most dangerous consequence to those who, ignorant of its malignancy, take shelter, during a shower, under the branches. The drops that fall from the leaves are so impregnated with the poison, that, on whatever part of the body they fall, they cause an excoriation, attended with the most excruciating torture; yet, what is very singular, the natives never suffer any inconvenience from it, being well acquainted with a tree that grows near them, with the leaves of which they rub themselves, and this, they say, is a most powerful antidote.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans, to the Accession of Henry VIII. By the Rev. John Lingard.

(Concluded from p. 343.)

IN the extracts we have hitherto made from this valuable addition to English history, there has been nothing to betray the religious opinions of the author, although there are many occasions on which a less impartial historian would have discovered them. Mr. Lingard is a Roman Catholic clergyman; it is, therefore, not surprising that he should judge more favourably of Thomas à Beckett, and be less partial to the great reformer, Wycliffe, than those of an opposite faith. But on these occasions, the facts of history are neither concealed nor perverted, and where we do not agree with the author, we must always respect his decisions as not hastily made, nor without a minute investigation of the subject. After noticing the origin of Wycliffe, his controversy with the different orders of friars, and the proceedings against him, our author thus speaks of his doctrines:—

'Before I proceed, I may be allowed to add a few particulars respecting the character and sentiments of this extraordinary man. Exemplary in his morals, he declaimed against vice with the freedom and severity of an apostle; but, whether it were policy or prejudice, he directed his bitterest invectives almost exclusively against the clergy. His itinerant priests formed, indeed, an honourable exception; they were true evangelical preachers; but the rest, the pope, bishops, dignitaries, and the whole body of "clerks pensioners," were no better than liars and fiends, hypocrites and traitors, heretics and antichrists. That many among them, as must always happen in old and wealthy establishments, may have deserved some of these appellations, is probably true; but the zeal of the new apostle could make no discrimination; and he determined to lay the axe to what he deemed the root of the

evil, their worldly possessions. He contended, that they were bound to lead a life of poverty in imitation of their master; that their temporalities were given to them to be employed to the honour of God; and, therefore, might be lawfully taken away, as soon as they were diverted to any other purpose; that to pay tithes and dues to an incumbent, who spent his income in vanity and luxury, was to co-operate in his sins; and that secular lords were not only permitted, but bound, under pain of damnation, to deprive of its possessions, a church habitually delinquent. It will not excite surprise, if invectives so coarse, and doctrines so prejudicial to their interests, alarmed and irritated the clergy. They appealed for protection to the king and the pontiff; but, though their reputation and fortunes were at stake, they sought not to revenge themselves on their adversary, but were content with an order for his removal from the university, to reside on his own living. If the reader allot to him the praise of courage, he cannot refuse to them the praise of moderation.

'On many points of doctrine, it is not easy to ascertain the real sentiments of this reformer. In common with other religious innovators, he claimed the twofold privilege of changing his opinions at will, and of being infallible in every change; and when he found it expedient to dissemble, could so qualify his doctrines with conditions, or explain them away by distinctions, as to give an appearance of innocence to tenets of the most mischievous tendency. For the church as it originally existed, and as it continued to exist for a thousand years, he professed the most unfeigned veneration. It was then pure in doctrine, perfect in discipline, and free from the contagion of avarice. But at the expiration of the tenth century, the prediction in the apocalypse was literally fulfilled. The great dragon, that had been chained for a thousand years, was loosed; and the first use which he made of his liberty, was to scatter from his tail the new religious orders, which, with unexampled rapidity, diffused themselves over the Christian world. From that moment, faith, discipline, and morality, were corrupted; and the re-establishment of the gospel was reserved for the exertions of Wycliffe and his "poor priests."'

Wycliffe's opinions always appeared to us very equivocal, and, as our author with much justice observes, 'he entrenched himself behind so many unintelligible distinctions, that it will be difficult for the most acute logician to discover his meaning.' He admitted seven sacraments, with the Catholic church, inculcated the doctrine of purgatory, and strenuously maintained the efficacy of the mass; but while he admitted the necessity, he censured the multitude of ceremonies, and loudly inveighed against the custom of singing in the churches. On matrimony, he hazarded several extraordinary opinions, and one in particular, that women who had passed the time of child bearing could not lawfully be married. But, with all these allowances, we are still of opinion that christianity owes much to Wycliffe, and that a more decided dissent from the principles of the church of Rome at that time would have been crushed in the bud, and not have ripened into that glorious reformation of which Wycliffe had planted the first seed.

In a volume teeming with so many interesting subjects, there is some difficulty of selecting, but as we see a new novel announced, entitled Pontefract Castle, and which we doubt not is founded on the death of Richard II, we shall, by way of preparing our readers for the subject, shortly notice it.

Richard II, as our readers well know, was deposed by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. The immediate object of Henry to secure the royal person, was effected by the treachery of the Earl of Northumberland, who, 'like Judas, perjured himself on the body of our

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Lord,' and betrayed his sovereign. Richard was carried prisoner to Flint, where he abandoned himself to those reflections which his melancholy situation inspired:—

'The unfortunate king rose after a sleepless night, heard mass, and ascended the tower to watch the arrival of his opponent. At length he saw the army, amounting to eighty thousand men, winding along the beach till it reached the castle, and surrounded it from sea to sea. He shuddered and wept; but was aroused from his reflections by a summons to dinner. The Earl of Salisbury, the bishop, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroop and Sir William Feriby, sate with him at the same table, by his order; for, since they were all companions in misfortune, he would allow no distinction among them. While he was eating, unknown persons entered the hall, insulting him with sarcasms and threats; as soon as he rose, he was summoned into the court to receive the Duke of Lancaster. Henry came forward in complete armour, with the exception of his helmet. As soon as he saw the king, he bent his knee, and, advancing a few paces, repeated his obeisance. "Fair cousin of Lancaster," said Richard, uncovering himself, "you are right welcome."—"My lord," answered the duke, "I am come before my time. But I will shew you the reason. Your people complain that, for the space of twenty, or two-and-twenty years, you have ruled them rigorously; but, if it please God, I will help you to govern better." The king replied: "Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well." Henry then addressed himself successively to the bishop and the knights, but refused to notice the earl. The king's horses were immediately ordered; and two lean and miserable animals were brought out, on which Richard and Salisbury mounted, and, amidst the sound of trumpets and shouts of triumph, followed the duke into Chester.'

Richard was afterwards conveyed to the Tower, and compelled to resign the crown, and lastly he was removed to Pontefract Castle, where he terminated his life. An attempt by the lords appellant to restore him to his authority seems to have hastened his fate:—

'This unsuccessful attempt sealed the doom of the late king. The earls had risen in the first week of January; before the end of the month, it was known that Richard had expired in the castle of Pontefract. It was said, that from the moment in which he heard of the execution of his brothers, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon, he had obstinately refused to take any nourishment. But the report obtained little credit; and, though the king repeatedly asserted his innocence, both natives and foreigners refused to believe that the man, whose ambition had seized the crown, would feel any scruple in taking the life of his rival. The general belief was, that Richard had been starved to death by the orders of Henry, and that he lingered fifteen days before he expired. According to another account, (mentioned by a contemporary,) Sir Robert Exton, with seven assassins, arrived at Pontefract, on the eighth day after Henry had left Windsor. When Richard saw them enter his cell, aware of their design, he darted into the midst of them, wrested a battle-axe from one of the number, and laid several at his feet. But Exton gave him a stroke on the back of the head, which brought him to the floor, and with a second stroke deprived him of life. In whatever manner he died, Henry's agents concealed the truth with such fidelity, that it could never be discovered. As the body was conveyed to London, it was exposed to public view, with the lower part of the face uncovered, that the spectators, acquainted with the features of Richard, might be satisfied of its identity. Henry attended the obsequies at St. Paul's, and commanded the interment to be performed at Langley; but his son and successor removed the body to Westminster, and deposited it among the remains of the kings of England.'

The leading features in the battle of Agincourt, are no

doubt familiar to all our readers, and yet we are not aware that we could select any thing more acceptable than Mr. Lingard's account of it. We have been almost involuntarily led to this from the circumstance of our writing this review on the anniversary of that memorable day. It was fought on the 25th of October, 1415. Henry V had invaded France, reduced Harfleur, and was making rapid progress, the enemy not daring or not deeming it prudent to hazard a general engagement. At length, the constable of France, whose followers now amounted to one hundred thousand cavalry, selected a strong position in the fields, in front of the village of Agincourt, through which it was necessary for the King of England to cut his way, unless he would consent to yield himself prisoner. The French, confident in their superiority of numbers, spent the night in revelling, and in fixing the ransom of the English king and his barons:—

'To the English it was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They had been wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the many privations which must attend the march of an army through an hostile country, and in the presence of a superior force. But they were supported by the spirit and confidence of their gallant leader, and by the proud recollection of the victories won in similar circumstances by their fathers. As men, however, who had staked their lives on the issue of the approaching battle, they spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending to the exercises of religion. The king himself took little repose. He visited the different quarters of the army; sent, as soon as the moon arose, officers to examine the ground; arranged the operations of the next day; ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night; and, before sunrise, summoned the men to attend at matins and mass. From prayer he led them into the field, and arrayed them, after his usual manner, in three divisions, and two wings; but so near to each other, that they seemed to form but one body. The archers, on whom he rested his principal hope, were placed in advance of the men at arms. Their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance on the present day, struck terror into their enemies. Many had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts, that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution. Besides his bow and arrows, his battle-axe or sword, each bore on his shoulder a long stake sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French cavalry. The king himself appeared on a grey palfrey, followed by a train of led horses ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings. His helmet was of polished steel, surmounted with a crown sparkling with jewels; and on his surcoat were emblazoned, in gold, the arms of England and France. As he rode from banner to banner, cheering and exhorting the men, he chanced to hear an officer express a wish to his comrade, that some of the good knights, who were sitting idle in England, might, by a miracle, be transported to the field of battle. "No," exclaimed Henry, "I would not have a single man more. If God give us the victory, it will be plain that we owe it to his goodness. If he do not, the fewer we are, the less will be the loss to our country. But fight with your usual courage, and God and the justice of our cause will protect us. Before night, the pride of our enemies shall be humbled in the dust; and the greater part of that multitude shall be stretched on the field, or captives in our power."

'The French were drawn up in the same order, but with this fearful disparity in point of number, that while the English files were but four, their's were thirty men deep*. The

* 'Livius and Elmham observe, that in the French lines, were placed a number of military engines or cannons, to cast stones into

Constable himself commanded the first division; the Dukes of Bar and Alençon the second; the Earls of Marle and Falconberg the third. The distance between the two armies scarcely exceeded a quarter of a mile; but the ground was wet and spongy; and d'Albret, faithful to his plan, ordered his men to sit down near their banners, and await in patience the advance of the enemy. Their inactivity disconcerted the king, who expected to be attacked. He improved the opportunity, however, to order a plentiful refreshment to be distributed through the ranks, while two detachments stole away unperceived by the French; of which one was instructed to lie in ambush in a meadow at Tramecourt on their left flank, and the other to alarm them during the battle, by setting fire to the houses in their rear. Just as the king had made every preparation for the attack, he was surprised by the approach of three French knights, who demanded permission to speak with him. One of them was the Baron de Helly, who had been a prisoner in England, and had broken his parole. He took the opportunity to deny the charge, and offered to meet in single combat between the two armies, any man who should dare to repeat it. The king, who saw his object, instantly replied: "This is not a time for single combats. Go tell your countrymen to prepare for battle before night, and doubt not that, for the violation of your word, you will a second time forfeit your liberty, if not your life." "Sir," returned Helly, "I shall receive no orders from you. Charles is our sovereign. Him we obey; and for him we shall fight you, whenever we think proper." "Away, then," resumed the king, "and take care that we are not before you." Immediately stepping forward, he exclaimed, "Banners, advance." At the same moment, Sir Thomas Erpingham threw his warder into the air; and the men, falling on their knees, bit the ground*, arose, shouted, and ran towards the enemy. At the distance of twenty paces, they halted to recover breath, and then repeated the shout. It was echoed back to them by the detachment in the meadow, which, issuing from its concealment, instantly assailed the left flank of the French. At the same moment, the archers, having planted their stakes, ran before them, discharged their arrows, and retired behind their rampart. The constable had appointed a select battalion of eight hundred men at arms, to break this formidable body. Of the whole number, not more than seven score ever came into action. These were quickly dispatched: the others, unable to face the incessant shower of arrows, turned their visors aside, and lost the government of their horses which, frantic with pain, plunged in different directions into the close ranks of the first division. It was a moment of irremediable confusion. Nor did the archers lose the opportunity. Slinging their bows behind them, and with their swords or battle-axes in their hands, they burst into the mass of the enemy, killed the constable and principal commanders, and in a short time totally dispersed the whole body.

Henry, who had followed with the men at arms, ordered, the archers to form again, and immediately charged the second division. Though the fate of their fellows had checked their presumption, they met their shock with courage, and maintained, for two hours, a most bloody and doubtful contest. The king's life was repeatedly in imminent danger. Seeing his brother, the Duke of Clarence, wounded and lying on the ground, he hastily strode across the body, and bravely repelled the midst of the English (Liv. 19. Elm. 62.) According to Livius the French were to the English as something more than seven to one. Monstrelet (i. 228) makes them as six to one. I suspect that in Elmham, where he mentions the files, we should read thirty instead of twenty, as we do in Livius. A contemporary writer estimates the enemy at 100,000. Apud Raynald, v. 473.

* A singulis in ore capta terræ particulâ. Tit. Liv. 19, Elmh. 65. This singular custom had been introduced by the peasants of Flanders before the great victory, which they gained over the French cavalry at Courtray, in 1302. A priest stood in front of the army, holding the consecrated host in his hand; and each man, kneeling down, took a particle of earth in his mouth, as a sign of his desire and an acknowledgement of his unworthiness to receive the sacrament. Spoudan. ii, 339.

led the efforts of the assailants, till the prince was safely removed by his own servants. Soon afterwards, he was charged by a band of eighteen French knights, who had bound themselves to each other, to kill him or take him prisoner. One of them, with a stroke of his mace, brought the king on his knees; but he was instantly rescued by his guards, and his opponents were all slain. At length, the Duke of Alençon, the French commander, fought his way to the royal standard. With one stroke, he beat the Duke of York to the ground; with a second, he cleaved the crown on the king's helmet. Every arm was instantly uplifted against him. The duke, aware of his danger, exclaimed, "I yield; I am Alençon." Henry held out his hand; but his gallant enemy had already fallen. The death of the duke was followed by the flight of the survivors.

There still remained the third and most numerous division of the enemy. Though dismayed, it was yet unbroken; and the English were preparing to charge it, when the alarming intelligence arrived, that a powerful force approached the rear of the army. In this emergency, the king hastily gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death; orders which, in most instances, were unfortunately executed, before the mistake could be discovered. The force, which had been so greatly magnified, consisted only of six hundred peasants, under Robinet de Bournonville and Ysambert d'Azincourt; who had profited of the moment to enter Maisoncelles, plunder the baggage, and drive away the horses of the army. That this enterprize should prove so disastrous to their countrymen, they could not have foreseen; but they were immediately called to account, and severely punished by their immediate lord, the Duke of Burgundy.

During this interval, the ranks of the third division began to waver; and their irresolution was augmented by the flames kindled in their rear, by the English detachment. Of the whole number, no more than six hundred could be persuaded to follow their leaders, the Earls of Falconberg and Marle, who boldly rushed on the conquerors, and found, what they probably sought, captivity or an honourable death. The English were in no condition to pursue the fugitives. As soon as resistance ceased, the king with his barons traversed the field, while the heralds examined the arms and numbered the bodies of the slain. He then called to him Montjoy, the French king at arms, and asked him to whom the victory belonged. "To you, sir," replied Montjoy. "And what," continued the king, "is that castle, which I see at a distance?" "It is called the castle of Azincourt," was the answer. "Then," resumed Henry, "let this battle be known to posterity, by the name of the battle of Azincourt."

We now close our review of a work of which we entertain a very high opinion. That Mr. Lingard is not an elegant historian will be readily admitted; but that he is a faithful and industrious one we think equally evident; his work furnishes abundant proofs of his diligence in research, and his patience and acuteness of investigation. He thinks and writes for himself, and does not deem any subject beneath the importance of examination. An intimate knowledge of the civil institutions of the country is not the least valuable of the requisites for an historian, and this Mr. Lingard certainly possesses. On the whole, we think it one of the most valuable works that has been published for many years, and we wait with impatience for the volumes which shall bring the history down to a more recent period.

History of Seyd Said, the Sultan of Muscat.

(Concluded.)

In returning to this volume, we shall not follow our author and his master, Seyd Said, through his wars with th

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Giovasseom, nor enter into a detail of the massacres which these barbarous chiefs commit on their enemies when in their power, but shall make a few extracts on a subject we deem much more interesting—an account of the domestic habits of the Arabs:—

‘An Arab rises as soon as it is light, begins his religious exercises by crying *La ila illellah!* and then, extending his hand over the body of any Mahometan person who may happen to repose near him, he rouses him with the exclamation, *Al Sela! al Sela!* (pray to God! pray to God!) Even at sea, the first who awakes always invites his neighbour to prayers in this manner, though he may chance to be completely a stranger; and this custom is never omitted, nor does the person awakened display any sign of unwillingness, unless when the night has been principally passed in labour instead of repose; which is often the case with servants and slaves, who always seem extremely sluggish, unless they are stimulated into action by their masters.

‘In the city, in the field, or on board ship, the Arabs usually repose in troops; so that a Mulla is generally to be found in each separate assemblage: if by chance, however, no priest should be present, the oldest man, or he who is supposed to possess most theological learning, begins the prayer with a verse from the Koran, *El selatu aker*, men in num—that is, “Prayer should be preferred to sleep;” the rest all answer him in the same strain, though their gaping sometimes contradicts the assertion. It is to be observed that, in obedience to the Moslem dogma, which teaches that man should never presume to present himself before God, but in a perfect state of mental and corporeal purity, they never address the Creator without having first washed their hands, faces, and feet: and if water cannot be obtained, as during long journeys across the desert, it has been recorded that pious men have used sand in the performance of these ablutions. The first repast, or breakfast, is called *el moza*, and consists of biscuits, fried fish, pastry, tea, and coffee, among those in good circumstances; while the poor are obliged to be contented with dates, and a little boiled rice. About noon, a sort of luncheon is served up to the wealthy, called “*El Caddè*,” which consists of meat dressed in a variety of different manners. But the principal meal, for poor as well as rich, is called, “*ascià*, or *assha*,” and is eaten about the time of the setting sun; it is composed of a large pillau of rice, mixed with pieces of stewed meat, or sometimes fowls. Those who cannot afford so expensive a dish, content themselves with rice and fish.

‘The Arabs are, in general, a very sober race; excessive corpulence is unknown among them: this may, perhaps, be attributed, in a great degree, to the extreme heat of the climate; yet they are not naturally indolent, though commonly supposed to be so; many of their artificers are as assiduous as those in Europe; and I have seen a man, whose employment was boring pearls, who continued regularly at work for the whole day. Some, indeed, pass their time in a state of listless inaction; but this is owing to the natural insecurity of property incident to every despotic state, which places the produce of industry in jeopardy, and, of course, removes the grand stimulus to activity.’

The Muscatian women are principally employed in cooking victuals for their families, and reading the Koran. The children are sent to school, and taught reading and writing; they also learn the Koran by heart. Banquets are uncommon in Arabia; the retired habits of the orientals, and the seclusion of their women, conspiring to render the men fond of the domestic society which their families afford; but our author was present at one grand entertainment given by Seyd Said, to which fifty guests were invited. The spot selected was on the shore, near a common foundry, and the time fixed, when some mortars, newly cast, were to be proved. The bursting of one of

these clumsy instruments had nearly been fatal to ‘poor Seek Mansur,’ as the sultan called our author:—

‘This little accident, however, did not disturb the festivity of the day. Dinner was laid in a house built of straw, contiguous to the foundry, and the repast began about one o’clock. A long piece of calico was placed upon the ground, and upon this were laid a vast number of dishes, of rich Chinese porcelain, containing fifty fowls roasted, many *dolma*, or messes of meat, each wrapped in a leaf of the beet, which, together with cabbage and spinage, is cultivated in almost every garden; plates full of ribs of mutton, &c. In the centre were two large wooden dishes, supporting lambs, baked whole, and stuffed with rice; and to all these delicacies was added a great quantity of pillau. After this course was removed, appeared what might be called the desert, consisting of maraba, or preserved pineapple, orange-peel, ginger, and nutmegs; and the feast terminated with a large quantity of the best oranges, brought for the sultan’s use, from Bender Abasi. The only beverage was pure water, and the guests sat cross-legged, without any attention to the laws of precedence; they consisted of Arabian Seekers, merchants, the Persian artificer, the relations of Seyd Said; and this monarch, who placed himself very near me, laughed most heartily at the accident which had happened in the morning. It is to be observed, that an Arab never drinks during the time he is eating, but merely takes one draught after he has finished. When all was over, every body repeated *alam-dulillà*, God be thanked; and then each person embarked on board his own boat, and returned to Mascat; all that remained of the dinner being abandoned to the slaves, the oria, and other attendants, who did not suffer a morsel of it to be wasted.’

The Muscatians retire early to rest. The poor repose upon the bare ground; those in better circumstances, upon straw-mats, or upon couches woven with straw. They use no mattresses or sheets, but lie down in the clothes they have worn during the day. They are very strict in their religious devotions:—

‘Five times during the day, at stated hours, each pious Moslem offers his prayers to the Lord and Father of all, and these seasons of devotion are observed with the greatest punctuality; the third, called “*El Kiendi*,” is the most holy, and is fixed about three hours before the setting of the sun, when the shade of the head falls three yards from the feet. At that moment, every Muscatian turns to the west, that is, towards Mecca; and, if circumstances demand his presence in foreign countries, he never embarks without endeavouring to learn the exact direction of his course, in order that he may always know the relative situation of the sacred city; but as geographical knowledge is at a rather low ebb in this part of the world, I was often much amused at sea to hear the learned disputes which arose about this knotty point, and on which it would have been the height of presumption for a Ghiaur, or Giaur, to intermeddle.’

Advocates and solicitors would starve at Muscat, where the code of laws is contained in a single book, and where the distribution of justice is always summary. The prisons seldom contain more than six or seven persons at a time; but this is not surprising, as at Muscat they seem to dispense with the process of examination, trial, &c. to which, in Europe, we are still barbarous enough to adhere. Our author says—

‘In a whole year, I saw but one man condemned to death, and he was an Indian Rashboot, or Rascebut, whose offence having been a very extraordinary one, may, perhaps, merit relation. He had claimed a debt of five hundred dollars from a rich Banian, who farmed the customs of the port: this man, whose character for integrity did not stand very high, for he was accused, by public report, of having defrauded the labourers employed by the Sultan of their wages, and also of

keeping back three months' pay from a poor French pilot, who had served on board the royal flotilla,—disputed the claim, on various pretences; until at length the Rascebut threatened him with violence, unless, in the space of twenty-four hours, he should liquidate the demand. The Beniani immediately applied to Seyd Said, and obtained the assistance of a soldier for his personal protection. On the following day, the Racebut came to his house, killed the sentinel with a single blow, entered the door by force, and, with his sabre already reeking with blood, cut off the head of his detested foe. At the end of three days, he was found hid in a mosque, and was delivered up to the relations of the murdered Arab, according to the custom of the Bedu in such cases; who tied his hands and feet, and pierced his body in many places, with a sword, before they gave him a coup de grace.

The Arabs, we are told, are no longer that savage race of men, which either fled at the sight of an European, or treated him with barbarous contumely; and a traveller may now traverse their extensive territories in the dress of his own country, without danger. The Arabs are hospitable, and eat in the company of a Christian, and the Turks are often seen openly drinking wine, eating pork, and transgressing, in many other particulars, their ritual and ceremonial law. These, it must be confessed, are approaches towards civilization:—

‘With regard to the essential article of marriage, the laws are greatly at variance in different parts of the east. In Persia, a man may marry and divorce his wife within twenty-four hours, merely by procuring a particular instrument from a Mulla: in Arabia, the matrimonial tie is not so easily broken: while in Turkey, again, the men generally avail themselves of the tacit permission of their law, to change their wives as often as interest or inclination prompt them. However, in all these countries, but especially in Arabia, I have known many men live happily with the same woman for many years, and not dismiss her even when they espoused another wife. In all parts where the religion of Mahomet prevails, the ladies are slaves, and are sold in the same way as cattle. It once happened, that an Arab, who owed me some money, begged me to delay pressing for payment of the debt, until he could procure a favourable match for his daughter, who was extremely beautiful; he had been already offered 1000 piastres, which he considered too low a price, and was determined not to dispose of her under 1500. An Othman Tartar told me, that he had a wife in every city on the road he usually travelled. Although the orientals thus treat their women, as if they were an inferior order, and not their equals in rank, yet in public they invariably behave to them with the utmost respect.’

Of the Beniani, one of the foreign tribes, who live on the shores of the Persian Gulph, we have some curious particulars:—

‘Although the Beniani live entirely upon vegetables, rice, milk, and butter, yet they are generally fat, and possess strong constitutions, while the leprosy, so common among other classes in the east, is rarely to be met with among them. It is a remarkable circumstance, that assa-fetida composes the seasoning of the greatest part of their ragouts. When the conscience of a Benian accuses him of the commission of a crime, he offers barley or some other eatable to his cow, and the same ceremony is observed when he is particularly anxious about the success of an undertaking; in the first case, this gift is considered an act of atonement to the Creator; in the last, a propitiatory sacrifice. The industry of the Beniani places all money transactions in their hands; they are the great bankers of Arabia, and so far resemble the Jews in Turkey.

‘There is no example of a Benian lady having any connection with a Christian or Moslem, nor do the men ever marry Arabian women, partly in consequence of religious prejudices, and partly to preserve the purity of their race. It is

a well-known Asiatic custom for their females to stain their hands and eye-brows, but I have seen some at Mascat who had coloured all their skin, with a tint somewhat resembling that of a yellow. Foreigners should on no account form an union with these women, as ruin, and perhaps death, would be the inevitable consequence of their imprudence. It is a fact, extraordinary as it may appear, which has fallen under my own observation, that Europeans are subject to a gradual decay of the vital powers with such a connection.’

The fondness of the orientals for allegories and fables is well known, and they are often related to relieve the monotony of a Mahomedan banquet. The following story, which we do not recollect having read before, was related to our author at Muscat:—

‘An Arab, while taking a walk, observed a snake, which had fallen into a fire, by the side of the road, and was in danger of being burnt to death; he was seized with pity at the sight, and released him from his perilous situation. But no sooner did the reptile cease to feel the flames, than he twisted his folds around the body of his deliverer, and displayed, in a threatening manner, his formidable fangs; the man reproached him with base ingratitude, to which the serpent replied, “It is true that you are my saviour, but you are a man; and, as a serpent, it is my duty to bite you.” This reasoning appeared so extraordinary to the man, that he proposed an appeal to the first animal they should meet; to which the snake consented, and they set forward. After having journeyed some time, they met an ox, who having listened to them both with attention, exclaimed to the snake—“Friend, bite that tyrant, directly; he makes us drag a heavy plough all the days of our youth, or raise water from a well, by means of a machine fastened around our necks, in order to fertilize his gardens, and then confines us in a narrow stall, to feed on a little miserable straw; and when our limbs become feeble, from a premature decay, the consequence only of his cruelty, he kills us, and feeds on our flesh.” The unfortunate Arab, frightened at this unfavourable decree, hardly knew what to say in his defence: he declared, however, that this had been, perhaps, ill-treated, and was actuated by revenge, instead of reason, and, therefore, proposed that they should appeal to a horse, who was feeding in a meadow hard by. They both immediately addressed this quadruped, and found him no less prejudiced against mankind than the ox. He entreated the snake to destroy their common enemy, and asserted that his pretended kindness was only deliberate cruelty, like the treatment which he himself had received during his youth. He related how his master had given him beautiful trappings—had taught him the exercise of the menage—had maintained grooms on purpose to attend him—and had provided every thing necessary for his use or recreation; but no sooner had old age enfeebled his limbs, than he was stript of all his finery—condemned to hard labour in a mill—and beaten if he did not work beyond his strength. The serpent now thought himself fully justified in attacking his deliverer, and was in the act of darting forward, when the man entreated him to ask the opinion of a fox who was accidentally passing by at the same time, making a sign, that he would give him ten chickens as the price of his deliverance: the snake, ignorant of what was going forward, agreed to the proposal, and reynard, putting on a look of profound wisdom, declared that he could not pass an equitable judgment on the weighty matter in dispute, not having been a spectator of all that had happened. It was, therefore, resolved, that a fire should be lighted, that the snake should be thrown into it, and the man run to his succour. The serpent, ignorant of the intended deceit, leaped into the flames, and the man immediately snatched up a stick, and killed him with a single blow. The fox now demanded his promised reward, and they proceeded to a neighbouring village. Here the Arab desired his liberator to hide in a hollow rock, in order to escape any dogs that might be passing by, and there wait until he should re-

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turn with the ten chickens; but no sooner had he reached the town, than having collected together all the dogs he could find, he proceeded to the hole. The fox hearing the noise, looked out to see what it meant, and immediately perceiving the deception, exclaimed, O perfidious wretch, is this a repayment for saving your life? And then, turning to the dogs, he said, trust not, my friends, the promises, or obey the councils of mankind: but, while he was thus striving to awaken their pity, they fell upon him, and devoured him in a moment.

Poor Mansur, after serving the sultan most faithfully, both as physician and generalissimo, had nearly fallen a victim to the treachery of a European, who told Seyd Said that he was a spy of Bonaparte. Mansur, however, was able to vindicate himself, and retain the confidence of his prince. He soon afterwards left Muscat, and travelled five years through Persia and Yrak. In 1814, he returned to the sultan Seyd Said, on a visit, before his return to Europe.

This narrative, it will be found, is by no means destitute of interest, although it possesses little merit as a literary composition; but, as the author disclaims all pretensions to the 'science of authorship,' and his work has been translated by one of his own pupils, who is equally unpractised in the art of composition, it would be illiberal to treat it with critical severity: a little more attention to writing the names of places and individuals uniformly, might, however, have been attended to, without any of the qualifications the author and translator disown. On the whole, we are induced to think favourably of the work, and shall be very happy if it, and the publication of his travels in Persia, which he announces, should relieve the author from those misfortunes which appear so often to have visited him.

The Wisdom of being Religious. By John Tillotson, D.D. Archbishop of Canterbury, 12mo, pp. 189. London, 1819.

THE works of Tillotson have nothing to hope or fear from critical praise or censure, their merits have long been decided; but when pamphlets of an opposite tendency are circulating with so much industry, and when the venerable archbishop himself has been quoted in an attack on the Christian religion, we may be excused for calling the notice of the public to the work before us. The *Wisdom of being Religious* has been termed by the author's biographer 'one of the most elegant, perspicuous, and convincing defences of religion in our own or any other language.' It contains, among other things, proofs that religion is the best knowledge; the ignorance and folly of irreligion, and a refutation of speculative and practical atheism; all which subjects are treated with great ability. We are happy to see this excellent little work published in a detached form, and at a price which will ensure it an extensive circulation.

SKETCH OF A RECENT JOURNEY

Across the Continent of South America, from Buenos Ayres to Santiago de Chili.

BY THE HON. JUDGE PROVOST,

ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS WHO LATELY WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA FROM THE UNITED STATES.

(Extracted from the Colonial Journal, No. IX.)

Creoles.—As soon as it was generally known that a stranger had arrived from the United States, with an intention to reside

in Buenos Ayres, all the Creoles of distinction called upon me, and invited me to their houses, and treated me with great politeness and attention. I found them mild and amiable in their manners, cheerful and fond of amusements; they meet frequently at each other's houses in the evening, and divert themselves with cards, music, and dancing. With active minds and ardent imaginations, but destitute of any worthy object of excitement or interest, the Creoles are all gamesters, and cards and dice are introduced into all their assemblies. The women are lively and fond of conversation, which they support with great vivacity. They are well formed, and though I saw few faces regularly beautiful, they had generally fine black eyes, and an animated expression. I found them intelligent, and anxious to acquire information. Born with a taste for music, they play, sing, and dance, extremely well, and an air of gaiety and good humour reigns at their assemblies, which they call *vertulias*. The women dress with great neatness, à la Française, and their dances, which are graceful, display the person to great advantage. They stand as in the English country dances, the couple move down, forming, with their arms, a group with the second couple, something like the allemande. The time is slow, and the figure very intricate. When a whole set are dancing, they form moving groupes in various attitudes, and the effect is extremely pleasing. They are very fond of minuets; and persons of all ages dance them. The principal refreshments offered at these entertainments, are sweetmeats and water, and *matè*.

The carnival had commenced, and was celebrated with the same amusements as in Spain. At the theatre, which is small and badly contrived, I was met by showers of scented water, and, on my way to the Plaza de Torros, to see the bull fights, I found the streets lined with ladies; some at the doors and windows, and others on the *azoteats*, or flat roofs, all armed with basins of water, or egg-shaped waxen balls, filled with perfumed water. Finding that there was no hope of escape, I furnished myself with some of the latter, and defending myself as well as I could, I passed through this dangerous file. I was assailed on every side with showers of scented water, and arrived at the Plaza Torros, thoroughly soaked. There I was shown into the box of the Cabildo, and was agreeably surprised at the magnificence of the scene. It presented a very extensive circular area, surrounded by seats rising above each other, and filled with spectators gaily dressed; these seats are surmounted by a range of boxes, destined for the better class of people. A guard of well-dressed soldiers was drawn up on each side of the Cabildo, and a military band played in front of it. The frequent exhibition of this sanguinary spectacle familiarizes the people to scenes of blood, and tends to augment the ferocious character of the vicious.

Plains or Pampas, and Cattle.—At the distance of about ten leagues from Buenos Ayres, the eye looks in vain for an object to rest on. Level and unbroken, the plains form, like the sea, a perfect horizon: and, when the grass is parched by the excessive heat of the summer, present a most gloomy and desolate appearance. During the rainy months they are covered with fine clover, which bears a small flower of a yellowish white. Innumerable herds of cattle range over these plains, not wild, as has been erroneously supposed, but carefully watched and attended. Each proprietor keeps his cattle within the boundaries of his own estate, which is distinguished by some land-mark. At certain seasons of the year, generally the autumn, the cattle are driven, and the calves, which they are forbidden, under a heavy penalty, to kill, marked. To catch them they use the *lasso*, which every peasant carries, fastened to his saddle-girth. It consists of a long plaited leather thong, furnished with an iron ring at the extremity, in order to form a running noose. They use it with great dexterity, and at full speed throw the noose with great certainty over the horns, or round the feet of a bull. The horses are trained to this exercise, and when they feel the lasso tightened, stop suddenly, and bear with all their strength in an opposite direction; so as to check the career of the fiercest animals.

They sometimes catch cattle with three small iron balls, about an inch in diameter, fastened together by the same number of thongs, three or four feet long, which are whirled so as to entangle the legs of the animal as it runs. These balls and thongs are called *laqui*. The cattle fit for slaughter are encircled by the herdsmen on horseback. After separating and driving off the rest of the herd, these are suffered to run out one by one. A horseman follows at full speed, and with a steel half-moon, fixed to the end of a long lance, cuts the hamstrings. The animal struggles and falls, and the herdsman follows another. When the field is strewn with disabled oxen, they kill and skin them, and separate the tallow. Near the coast the beef is jerked; but usually the carcasses are left upon the field to be preyed on by birds, and by a number of animals whose natures are perverted by the abundance of animal, and the scarcity of vegetable, food. The carcasses are, however, devoured chiefly by the hordes of wild dogs, who rove over the plains like the wolves of the north.

Hides.—Many persons have lately salted hides, which is a much safer process to prepare them for market than drying. To dry the hide, it is stretched out with pegs, and raised about two feet from the ground, in which state it remains for some days, exposed to the risk of being spoiled by the rain. The heat and moisture, by rotting off the hair of the hide, render it unmarketable, and fit only for domestic uses. Hides are of universal utility. Hats are made of hides; houses are covered with them; doors are made by nailing hides on slight wooden frames; and bedsteads and chairs are manufactured in the same simple manner. They are used for ropes; they supply the place of nails; and, in small buildings, the rafters are tied together with thongs. Boats for passing the rapid torrents are made of hides. These ferries merit a particular description. On the eastern side of the River La Plata, when the traveller arrives at the border of a river, which is not fordable, a single hide is laid on the ground, and a strong lasso passed round the edge, where it is secured and drawn tight, so as to bring the sides near together, and give it something the form of a tub. It is then drawn to the edge of the river, the traveller seats himself in it, and is launched by the ferryman, who, with the end of the lasso in his mouth, plunges in, and tows it to the opposite shore. The shoes of the peasants are made from a raw hide, cut to fit the foot, and fastened around the ankles with thongs. These sandals are left to dry on the foot. Trunks and sacks, and a variety of other useful articles, are made of this material.

Travelling.—Having learned, in the beginning of November, that the passage over the Cordilleras was practicable, I prepared for my journey across the continent. The dangers and difficulties attendant on this undertaking, were represented to be almost insurmountable, and I armed myself at all points to encounter them. Understanding that the roads were tolerably good to the foot of the Cordilleras, I purchased a large Spanish coach, and engaged a driver to accompany me to Mendoza. My conductor informed me that it would be necessary to hire three more drivers. Although I did not understand the necessity of having four postillions to drive one carriage, I consented, and in a few days all was ready. My equipage was brought to the door; it presented a most uncouth appearance. The body of the carriage was large and unwieldy; the wheels were swathed with strips of raw hide, and thongs twisted from the rim to the nut, so as to form additional spokes. Each horse was harnessed to the carriage by a long leathern thong, leading from the cross-bar to the saddle-girth, and had a separate rider. The postillions were accoutred with a flowing *poncho*, (cloak,) a straw hat, and several pair of drawers hanging below their breeches knees, which they always wear open. Their legs were bare, and their feet covered with sandals, made from a fresh hide, through which their toes protruded, to stick into the little wooden triangles that formed their stirrups. With this uncouth equipage I left Buenos Ayres, accompanied by two servants and two dragoons, sent by the Junta, a few hours before my departure, to serve me as an escort as far as Santiago.

After taking leave of my friends, I passed the river of Luxan, on a wooden bridge, and entered on the vast Pampas of Buenos Ayres. Nothing can be more desolate and gloomy than the view of the plains at this season of the year. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass to be seen; all barren and waste, 'a wild, innumerable spread, seems lengthening as you go.' The horses and cattle were standing in the pools to refresh themselves; the deer were lying about, panting with heat; the ostrich alone was stalking about, devouring insects. The road over the plains is marked by the passage of the carts, which bear the products of the interior provinces to the capital. They go in caravans of fifteen and twenty, each drawn by four yoke of oxen, fixed with long traces, from yoke to yoke. A long bamboo, ornamented with feathers, is suspended from the roof of the cart, so as to enable the driver, who sits on the top of the load, to reach the furthest oxen; a goad hangs perpendicularly from the bamboo, directly over the second yoke of oxen; and, with a small goad, which he carries in his hand, for the yoke next the cart, the driver commands the whole, and will drive very dexterously through the streets. The caravans are accompanied by a drove of cattle to change on the road, and to feed the drivers; each cart carries a large earthen jar, fastened behind, to hold water, and some wood for fuel fixed on the top, which is of hide. They are obliged to be very economical in the use of their wood. I have frequently seen the drivers seated round a fire, made with a little wood and the bones and fat of the animal, part of which was roasted on a spit stuck upright in the earth, cutting off slices of meat as it roasted, and devouring it without bread or salt. They travel principally during the night; and perform the journey from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, a distance of three hundred leagues, in five or six weeks. The freight of a cart to Buenos Ayres is eight dollars, and sometimes less back, to Mendoza.

Air Plant.—After leaving San Luis, we entered, what the people of the country call, a Travesia, an extent of thirty leagues, without a stream, or any water on the surface of the earth. The woods were thicker, and the trees larger, than those on the east of San Luis, although of the same species. The soil was covered with a long coarse grass, and the trees with a hanging moss. I observed some beautiful mosses clinging to the branches of the mimosa. This plant is about four inches in diameter, and is composed of twisted filaments, something of the nature of our hanging moss, but larger and more matted. From the centre rises two flowers, perfectly white, and, in shape and smell, resembling the hyacinth. It has been carried to Buenos Ayres, and has been found to flourish equally well on the bars of windows. It is called, by the inhabitants, the Air-plant.

Progress to Santiago.—I hired a muleteer, who engaged to transport me and my baggage to Santiago, and to furnish the necessary number of mules, for eight dollars each mule. Two mules were loaded with provisions for eight days, the time usually consumed in passing these mountains; and the whole train consisted of ten mules. My servants left town early in the morning, and I followed in the afternoon, to avoid the heat of the day. Some of the principal inhabitants of Mendoza accompanied me a few miles from the town, a mark of respect generally shown to a stranger. On leaving them, I proceeded with my guide through a barren tract of country, the soil generally covered with low shrubs. Night soon overtook us, but still the heat continued to be excessive; I felt the air, which had passed over the parched plains south of us, like the blast of a furnace. After travelling eight leagues, we turned off the road to a small spring of water, the only one to be found west of Mendoza, for twelve leagues. We found the whole cavalcade encamped round a large fire, which proved a useful precaution; the air, towards morning, became very cold and piercing, and was more sensibly felt after the heat of the day. The mules were loose, and feeding about; they are kept together by a Madrina, a mare which they are accustomed to follow, and which has a bell round her neck. The loaded mules, in passing the moun-

tains, always by one of the perfect man can from time to time.

Mules.—The mules, camped with the vegetation, and banks of called La pice, of rent. The and the constantly ro impossible are faithful traveller, counts of cipated in stopped, have attempted perdition necessary instructions would pro and to pa other by himself at.

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Chili.—The side of the Cordillera covered w

ains, always run loose, and follow the Madrina, which is led by one of the muleteers, called the Madrinero. The mule, at perfect liberty, moves more cautiously and securely; one man can conduct ten mules, having only to adjust the loads from time to time, when deranged by striking against the rocks.

Mules.—After suffering very much from the heat, we encamped under the shelter of the rocks, and lighted our fire with the roots of the prickly shrub, which spread along and near the surface of the earth: the shrub is the only sign of vegetation at this height. Our mules descended into the valley, and browsed on the moss and scanty herbage on the banks of the river. In the morning, we entered the passes called Las Galeras, a narrow path along the edge of a precipice, of five hundred feet, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent. The loaded mules scrape one side against the rocks, and the soil on which they tread is a loose gravel, which constantly rolls beneath their feet; a man would find it next to impossible to keep his footing. Accidents are very rare, but are faithfully recorded by the muleteers, who entertain the traveller, while he is on his dangerous path, with long accounts of unlucky mules missing their footing, and being precipitated into the torrent—*how* the rest of the drove started and stopped, *and how* they dreaded that some of them would have attempted to turn, which would have been the certain perdition of them all. Before entering these passages, it is necessary to ascertain whether they be entirely free from obstructions, as the consequence of meeting a troop of mules would prove the sacrifice of one party. To turn is impossible, and to pass a mule is equally so. The muleteers warn each other by shouting, or send forward one of their party to station himself at the opposite entrance.

The mules frequently derange the equilibrium of their loads, by striking against the projecting rocks. The muleteer then catches them with the lasso, and, covering their eyes with the poncho, adjusts the load.

Passage of the Cordilleras.—The passage of the Cordilleras, in the winter, is only attempted after the first storms are over, and the ravines are filled up with snow. The passenger has his legs and thighs rolled round with sheep-skins, and his feet swathed with bandages, so as to exclude the snow: armed with a long pole to sound his way, and accompanied by guides, carrying charcoal and provisions, he enters on this perilous and fatiguing journey, and must, at all hazards, gain every night a casucha; all who wish to pass, at that season, either wait for a courier, or join some other passenger who is well accompanied. After toiling all day on foot, sometimes slipping on the hard frozen snow, and obliged to hew steps to ascend by, and at other times plunging up to the middle in loose drift, they are obliged to pack themselves into a casucha; seated, for there is seldom room enough to lie down; in this manner they pass the night, warming themselves by charcoal fires. The passage of the Cordilleras, in the winter, is not so dangerous as that of the Alps. Avalanches are here unknown, nor are there any glaciers formed in the Andes.

On the fourth night, we slept at the foot of the steep ascent which leads over the crest of the Cordilleras, and set off at the dawn of the day, in order to pass over before the wind arose. At this height, the wind blows with great violence, from ten o'clock until evening. In the whole passage of the Cordilleras, the traveller suffers from the sudden gusts of wind, which are frequent and violent. We toiled up this ascent for four hours, passing over the loose stones, which are constantly rolling from above. Near the summit, I observed two birds, of the dark grey colour of the rocks, and resembling, in shape, the dove. They did not attempt to fly when thrown at, and merely removed their heads; the muleteers call them *agachadoches*, (dodgers.) They are always seen in pairs, and may be approached within a yard before they rise.

Chili.—The snow lies longer on the west than on the east side of these mountains. After passing to the west of the Cordilleras, the descent, for the space of three leagues, was covered with snow. The frequent passage of mules had worn

a deep path through this snow, which rose on each side fifteen feet high. On emerging from this narrow defile, the scenery wore a different aspect from that on the east side. It resembled the scenery of the Alps; spots of verdure were scattered over the loftiest mountains; small streams of water were seen trickling down the rocks, and flowing along the narrow valleys, giving life to a number of flowering shrubs; and the roads sometimes passed along a level plain, covered with moss and low grass. On these plains, the muleteers keep droves of mules, during the summer months, and remove them into the low grounds before the first fall of snow. We passed several loads of the herb of Paraguay and other articles, which had been abandoned at the commencement of the winter. The traffic of the Cordilleras continues as long as the passage is practicable, and droves of mules are sometimes overtaken by the first storms of winter. The muleteers then unload, leaving the packages in a circle, and endeavour to save themselves and mules. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the traffic of this passage of the Cordilleras, by the number of caravans which were passing at this time. I met twenty-seven droves of mules; the smallest drove consisted of fifteen, and the largest of fifty-five mules. As we continued to descend, the face of nature became more variegated and beautiful, and, after the first day's descent, our path wound along the banks of a rapid torrent, and was shaded by large trees.

Muleteer's Family. Silver Utensils.—The house to which my muleteer conducted me was a large farm-house, enclosed in a court-yard, shaded by some trees. A respectable old couple, and a young wife and sisters, received my conductor with smiles and embraces. In the first transport of joy, they overlooked every other object; but, as soon as they perceived me, they were very eloquent in excuses and welcomes. They ushered me into a large room, where a long low table was spread, with a clean table cloth and silver covers; a smaller table was immediately spread for me, and it was with difficulty I prevailed upon this hospitable family not to delay their dinner until I had dined. The profusion of plate at this house was to me surprising; the dishes, plates, and covers, were of silver; and, after dinner, a large silver basin of water was set on the table to wash in. The whole family, according to the custom I afterwards remarked prevailing in Chili, dipped their fingers into the same basin. After dinner, I was shown into another room, where I found a mattress spread on the floor. A long ride, on a sultry day, disposes a stranger to conform to the custom of sleeping the siesta, and I rose, at five o'clock, perfectly refreshed. On walking out, I found an arm-chair placed under a tree in the court, and one of the family waiting with a *matè*. Notwithstanding my aversion to the taste of the herb of Paraguay, I could not refuse this attention.

Original Communications.

POISONOUS CATSUP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Being in the habit of frequently purchasing large quantities of pickles and other culinary sauces, for the use of my establishment, and also for foreign trade, it fell lately to my lot to purchase from a manufacturer of those commodities a quantity of walnut catsup, apparently of an excellent quality; but, to my great surprise, I had reason to believe that the article might be contaminated with some deleterious substance, from circumstances which happened in my business as a tavern keeper, but which are unnecessary to be detailed here; and it was this, that induced me to make enquiry concerning the composing of the suspected articles.

The catsup being prepared by boiling in a copper, as is usually practised, the outer green shell of walnuts, after

having been suffered to turn black was exposed to air, in combination with common salt, with a portion of pimento and pepper dust, in common vinegar, strengthened with some vinegar extract left behind as residue in the stew of vinegar manufacturers; I therefore suspected that the catsup might be impregnated with some copper. To convince myself of this opinion, I boiled down to dryness a quart of it in a stone pipkin, which yielded to me a dark brown mass. I put this mass into a crucible, and kept it on a coal fire red hot till it became reduced to a porous black charcoal; on urging the heat with a pair of bellows, and stirring the mass in the crucible with the stem of a tobacco pipe, it became, after two hours' exposure to an intense heat, converted into a greyish white ash, but no metal could be discriminated amongst it. I now poured upon it some aquafortis, which dissolved nearly the whole of it, with an effervescence, and produced, after having been suffered to stand to let the insoluble portion subside, a bright grass green solution, of a strong metallic taste; after immersing into this solution the blade of a knife, it became instantly covered with a bright coat of copper.

The walnut catsup was therefore evidently strongly impregnated with copper. On informing the manufacturer of this fact, he assured me, that the same method of preparing the liquor was generally pursued, and that he has manufactured the article in a like manner for upwards of twenty years.

Such is the statement I wish to communicate, and if you will allow it a place in your Literary Chronicle, it may perhaps tend to put the unwary on their guard against the practise of preparing this sauce by boiling it in a copper, which certainly may contaminate the liquor, and render it poisonous.

Bateman Place,
Commercial Road.

I am, Sir,
your constant reader,
J. W. LEWIS.

POISONOUS PORTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Notwithstanding what has been said by the brewers and the persons they employ, that there are no poisonous drugs used by them in making porter, but that it actually is made from malt and hops only; I beg leave to state a recent circumstance in contradiction to such assertions.

A gentleman having drunk only a pint of porter, was soon afterwards seized with spasms in his stomach and bowels, and cramp in his legs, which continued all night, and he absolutely thought he was poisoned: but this is not to be wondered at when such drugs are used by the brewers as the following; viz. multain, (which is a mixture of alum, which consists of vitriolic acid and earth,) treacle, green copperas, and sulphate of iron; no porter will bear a head without the latter; this causes spasms and flatulence; when this is the case, good effects will be found by taking the following:

Rhubarb, twelve grains; ginger, six grains; calcined magnesia, two scruples, mixed in two ounces of pepper-mint water.

S. C.

ORIGIN OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

A gentlewoman in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was

mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their sottishness and infidelity. In the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and, when he did return, to appear as if intoxicated. At first, reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the consequence of this conduct. The gentleman persisted, and seemed every day to become more addicted to his bottle; one evening, when she imagined him dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and, having melted it, she approached her husband, who pretended still to be sound asleep, in order to put it into his ear through a pipe; convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up and seized her, when, having procured assistance, he secured her till the morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who conducted her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and, as marks of violence were still discernible upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance is England indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse can be interred in the kingdom, without a legal inspection.

THE MANIAC.

It is, indeed, very rarely that the affections early imbibed in young minds are of long duration; in the present instance, however, such was really the case. Henry and Emma, for such were the names of those two who form the subject of this brief tale, were nurtured from their infancy at the same seminary, and, from a congeniality of dispositions, they became naturally endeared to each, from the first moment in which they met. Years of uninterrupted bliss glided on, without effecting the slightest change in their attachment. Henry had attained to manhood—admired by all for his good figure, gentleman-like address and transcendent abilities. Emma, in all the loveliness of female chastity—blest with a mind susceptible of the finest feelings, and a heart throbbing with the purest affection—whose lip, constant to Henry as her bosom was warm—never having been prest with the kiss of any other than his—(would that every fair one possessed as trifling a portion of frailty,) was within one month of her seventeenth year! Henry possessed a small independency,—Emma had no fortune, excepting in herself, and there was, indeed, to Henry's eyes, an ample one.

That auspicious day to those who sincerely love, when two pure hearts are linked together for life, was fast approaching, and the exultation beaming in Henry's eyes as the wished for hour advanced, in which the captivating Emma was to become his bride, can be better conceived than expressed.

To avoid notice, the happy pair were to depart from their several homes, and meet at the church-door, by the hour of ten. Accordingly, the intended bride, accompanied with her two ladies, and the gentleman who was to give her away, were in waiting at the time appointed, but Henry appeared not! An hour had elapsed, and no tidings of his approach reached their ears. Emma, naturally concluding that Henry had slighted her, in a moment of despair consigned her hand to the very man who was to have given her to another! He never would have

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acted such a base part, had he not conceived a Platonic affection for her, (what will not love prompt us to do?) and much commiseration for the manner in which she had been neglected! As they came down the steps from the church portico, a gentleman ran hastily to the bride, and seizing her by the hand, explained the reason of Henry's absence, with the greatest emotion. Emma swooned immediately in his arms, and, on recovering, her reason returned not! And from that hour has the poor heart-breaking Emma deluged a dungeon with her tears—a miserable maniac! The cause of Henry's absence was a fit of apoplexy, which came upon him as he was opening the door of his cottage, on his way to meet poor Emma. Not having intimated to any one for what purpose he was about to leave home, none knew what else to do, save rendering him assistance in his melancholy and alarming situation. The moment he recovered—Emma was the first sound that escaped his lips; and, in a little time, he was enabled to explain to those around him, in an agony of despair, that he should have met his intended bride that morning, at an appointed hour, earnestly requesting the gentleman, who divulged to Emma the cause of his absence, to fly to her immediately, and endeavour to allay the anguish of her mind. Alas! he arrived too late!—the fatal knot was tied, and the adored object of his wishes the wife of another! As soon as the tidings reached Henry's ears—reduced as he was by the severe attack so recently experienced—he ejaculated, God bless her! God bless her!—his heart broke, and he instantly expired.

'Tis now a period of twelve years since the death of Henry—and Emma, who has had at times an interval of reason dawning on her deranged intellects—transcendent as an April sunbeam, has ever since breathed the contagious air of a dark cell. In July last, it was her birth day; I was then twenty-two years of age; I visited her in her dull mansion,—methought she had recovered—for I found her weeping over a trunk, in which were loosely scattered several papers; these, she gave me to understand, were letters she had received from her dear Henry: here again she wept, and looked so piteously in my face, as the big tear stood on her sunken cheek, that I, overcome by my feelings at the moment, wept with her. She had begun to converse in an incoherent strain,—repeatedly calling on the name of Henry, when I, by the desire of her keeper, instantly withdrew. Alas! thought I, in one hasty moment, what a vortex of misery didst thou plunge thyself into! hadst thou but waited one hour—one little hour longer—all might have been well, and many years of unceasing bliss have crowned thy felicity. I fear me this is not the only instance, which fully shows the folly of petty revenge. Let those who anticipate happy hours by so rash a precipitation as this—

'Look ere they leap—and deliberate before they resolve.'

WILFORD.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

To smooth thy fair forehead, and play with thy hair;
To catch each kind thought as it kindles thy cheek;
To bask in the smile that plays lovingly there,
Enwreathing in rapture each word that you speak;

To sigh on thy bosom night, morning, and noon,
In the beam of the sun, and the ray of the moon,
Dearest Mary, is all, as a man, I can want,—
Or thou, whether angel or woman, can'st grant.
To glow in the warmth of thy tender caress;
To feel thy soft sigh spread its dew on my lip;
To hear thee thy passion's devotion confess,
In tones of such sweetness as fairy does sip!
To be with thee, and near thee, by day and by night,
A beam of thy brightness, a child of thy light!
Is a bliss, dearest Mary, on earth seldom giv'n;
Or what would be left to desire in Heav'n?
Queen Street, Cheapside. Y. F.

TANTALISING.

I sought my dear lady and lov'd her;
We met but we parted awhile;
Time knew it and faithfully prov'd her;
I sought her again with a smile.
Her soft bosom I prest
And her lips I addrest,
And ask'd her the day we should marry;
But she hung down her head
And she sigh'd as she said,
'I cannot tell!—tarry sir, tarry.'
I sung of the beauties of morning,
The glories of worlds in the sun,
The summers and pleasures adorning
Life's hours while they rapidly run;
But she blush'd like a flower
From a beautiful bower
When I ask'd her the day we should marry,
And she would not reply
Tho' love beam'd in her eye,—
—But, 'I cannot tell!—tarry sir, tarry.'

J. R. P.

THE LIGHT THAT BEAMS IN WOMAN'S EYE.

LET Bacchanalian sons delight,
When reigns the God of wine,
To pass in future mirth the night,
But no such joy be mine.
Give me the lip that's nectar'd o'er
The cheek of rosy dye;
And give me too, what all adore,
The beam in woman's eye!
How lovely morning rays appear
When glancing o'er the ears,
Whose golden bosom, far and near,
Is sleeping tranquilly!
How pure 's the farewell breeze of night!
The zephyrs gentle sigh!
But purer far, than these, the light
That beams in woman's eye!
Proud Gaul may boast her vintage bow'rs,
Peru her golden mines;—
And Persia's youths consume their hours,
Where virtue never shines.
Give me the land where beauty bright,
Young Love is ever nigh:
And I could live upon the light
That beams in woman's eye!

WILFORD.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

HASTE thee, dear child, and rest thee on my knee,
Come, let me kiss those healthy lips of thine,
More sweet than roses' blushing petals be,
When globe-like dew transparent on them shine:

And let me dwell on those blue eyes so bright,
Like stars of morning ere the day comes on,
Their innocence affords my age delight,
As do the beams of evening scarcely gone:
Sure to thy sire thou givest blissful feeling,
Thy mother tenderest hearted ecstasy,
And their fond gladness, like two brooklets stealing
Between relation'd hills into the sea,
Unite to bless their rolling years, revealing
Increasing loveliness, sweet child! for thee.

J. R. P.

LINES

*Recommendatory of those useful Lawyers,
Messrs. Hook and Crook.*

Says HONESTY, 'Sir, you've no chance from the laws;
In your case I've consulted each book.'—
'Simple man!' exclaims FRAUD, 'there's no fear for my
cause;
I shall gain it by Hook or by Crook.'

MENIPPUS.

ON A SAILOR OF BAD CONDUCT, WHO FELL
INTO A ROUGH SEA.

'Blest escape!' Bowline cries, 'though 'tis fear'd some rude
wave,
Will yet send my lov'd comrade to Pluto's dim cave:
It may chance as his course down the channel he steers.'—
'Vain alarm!' exclaims Fate, 'lay aside all such fears;
In a cock-boat he safely might sail the world round,—
For know this—there are men who can never be drown'd†.'

MENIPPUS.

STANZAS TO THE SHADE OF ———.

Though sometimes seen in Pleasure's hall,
Where bounds the young heartgay and free,
I mix not with the senseless brawl,
But turn from it to think on thee!

I hate the frantic shout of gladness—
I spurn the laugh of thoughtless glee;
They breathe not of thy gentle sadness,
They do not bid me think on thee!

Far other thoughts awaken now,
And o'er my soul claim mastery,
The broken heart, the plighted vow,
And all the wrongs long felt by thee.

Felt till that woe-worn soul of thine,
Released from sorrow, ceased to be
A thing of earth, to droop and pine,
And waste away in misery.

But thou art now no longer here;
And all these tear-dimmed eyes can see,
Awakes nor love, nor hope, nor fear,
Unless it 'mind my soul of thee!

There's not a thought of pleasure past—
There's not a dream of time to be—
Can chase the cloud that hath o'er-cast
My soul, since it was lost to thee!

There's not an eye—there's not a tone—
There's not a form on earth can give
One half the bliss thou mad'st my own,
That sooth'd my heart while thou didst live!

That bliss is gone—and all that yet
Remains of joy, is memory;
A lonely thought—a soft regret,
A lasting dream of love and thee!

J. W. D.

* 'To get by Hook or by Crook, (i. e. by some means or other.)—
Prov. saying.

† 'He that is born to be, &c.'—(Eng. Prov.)

EPIGRAM,

Occasioned by some recent Trials.

Our best pedestrians all are beat,
Tho' each has done some wond'rous feat,
By walking many a mile;
But all their walking's been in vain,
For none have gone so far as Paine,
Or halfway to Carlile.

Oct. 18, 1819.

O. F.

THE PRUDE.

An Epistle to my Brother in the Country.

You wish me, dear Charles, a description to give
Of the sweet little pleasures I came here to see;
Of the ball rooms and theatres;—but, as I live,
They now have but little attraction for me!
T'other day, would you think it? I went with a friend
To a party—a few leisure minutes to spend:
As I enter'd the room, I was struck with surprize,
When I glanc'd on such numberless beautiful eyes—
There were grey—there were black—and, I think, there were
blue;
And their lips—O my stars!—look'd as exquisite too;
There were some that seem'd volatile—others demure,
Those melting as wax—those as icicles pure!
But what claim'd attention, dear brother, in me,
Was one who sat simp'ring—suppressing her glee.
Her body erect—on her face a forced smile—
Her hands on her bosom reposing the while,—
Her eyes downward bent, as if watching her feet—
Which, altho' not the smallest, were pretty and neat.

I thought of a subject would cleverly do,
To elbow along a dull moment or too;
So 'I open'd the ball'—would you think me so rude,
In the presence, too, of such a sweet little prude?—
With remarks upon kissing; my stars! what a theme
For discussion, before such as never once dream
There is rapture like this, for a mortal on earth—
Or that lips were e'er form'd to bring kisses to birth!
One, began with a hem! and turn'd round in her seat,
Then smoothed down her garments—concealing her feet;
When breaking the silence, again she essay'd—
But to show that she felt herself somewhat dismay'd:—
'What a subject,' said she, 'have you chosen, good sir,
In the presence of ladies, too!—now I aver,
If that monster—called man, were to dare to kiss me,
I should faint in my chair!' Said I, 'Madam, I see
You seem warm,'—as she fann'd the faint blush from her face.
'Not at all—but for man to kiss me! O how base!
And for me to kiss him!—hide my blushes—for I
With the thought of such horror shall certainly die!'
You must know, my dear Charles, it was getting quite late,
And the wine I had drunk made my spirits elate,—
So to finish the night, with a soul full of glee,
I extinguish'd each light—O! how shameful of me!
For while in the dark, (you will say I was rude)
I felt round the room for the chaste little prude;
And I found her, ye gods!—like all women have been,
Who like not their actions should always be seen;
She would kiss, and all that—aye, I swear it, dear boy,
Quite as willing, by Jove, to partake of the joy!
But her lips were so close to the bone of her face,
That I might full as well have kiss'd wood in its place!

Yet I know a maiden, whose lip is as pure
As the beam of her blue eye's bright;
Her conduct is open—her virtue secure,
And she flies not a kiss day or night!

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A prude wears a mask, and deception is hid—
Her deportment would every freedom forbid;
But when, at the last, she is put to the test,
You perceive that *her* virtue is not of the best!
That you, my dear Charles, may not wed such another,
Is the heartiest wish of your ever true brother.

WILFORD.

Fine Arts.

PORTRAITS LATELY PUBLISHED.

A large sized portrait of the late Lord Ellenborough, in his robes, engraved by Sievier. It is sufficient to say that Lawrence is the painter; the dignity of the judge is well expressed; the likeness is admirable; the engraving of the flesh is peculiar, although it may have merit.

An excellent portrait of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, from a drawing by Behnes, taken in Lincoln's Inn Hall, in 1818. Sir Samuel's hands appear resting on a brief. This portrait is far superior to the many which have appeared, without any pretensions to resemblance.

A clever portrait of Lord Eldon, by Holl, from a drawing by Behnes; too much cannot be said of the likeness, which is caught to a line.

A small portrait of Lord Byron, engraved by Kennerley, from a painting by Harding. The engraving is well finished. The physiognomy is not so romantic as in those portraits which have before appeared, and, if this portrait be really taken from the life, lately, the Venetian air must have imparted age and sourness to his lordship's features. His lordship appears, as usual, with his shirt collar turned over, and his neck open.

A well executed portrait of John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. M. A. and F. R. S. engraved by Henry Meyer, from a drawing by Buck. The likeness is very good.

* . * . T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday night, Mr. Morton's comedy of *The Way to get Married*, was performed at this house. Twenty years ago, when this comedy first came out, it was very successful; but time, the greatest of all innovators, has effected a change in the public taste, and we now turn from the mawkish sentiment and extravagant eccentricity of such productions to the more natural pictures of life, to be found in the comedies of Farquhar, Congreve, and Sheridan. Mr. Elliston, in the character of Tangent, displayed his powers to considerable advantage; Miss Kelly as Julia Faulkner, was very impressive; and Mrs. Egerton, who appeared for the first time in Clementina Allspice, gave an energetic picture of the unfeeling pride and vulgarity that belongs to the character. The farce of the *Prize* followed, and was very well performed. —The *Fisherman's Hut* is withdrawn.

COVENT GARDEN.—The announcement that Mr. Macready was to appear, for the first time, in the character of Gloucester, in the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, drew an overflowing audience. There is not a performer on the London stage, whose reputation has been more legitimately earned than that of Mr. Macready. There have been no pompous notices of his exits and his entrances to and from his country engagements, no large letter dis-

tinctions to tell us with what rapture brilliant and overflowing audiences have witnessed his performances; nor has he ever had the aid of newspaper puffs, direct or oblique: yet, notwithstanding all this, we see him towering to the very summit of his profession. To appear in the character of Richard, after Cooke, Kemble, and Kean have engrafted on it their own peculiar excellences, was a task of more than ordinary daring; but the result has proved that it was not a presumptuous one. Mr. Macready's was a finished performance; from the opening soliloquy to the fall of the curtain, there was not the slightest imitation, but the whole was an original and admirably conceived representation of the soul of Richard. There were no attempts at effect—no appeals to the gods in defiance of the good sense of the rest of the audience. It is difficult to select any particular scenes where all were so excellent; but in the scene with Lady Anne, in that when the dreadful crime of infanticide is going on, he was strikingly successful. But his greatest triumph was in the tent scene. Here he truly portrayed the terrors which shook the soul of Richard, and, when he fell, he was applauded to the very echo. The pit rose, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs announced the actor's excellence, and the good taste of the audience.

After the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, which was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night, Dryden's Masque of *Arthur and Emmeline* was revived, after a lapse of sixteen years that it has been on the shelf. This piece was originally produced under the title of *King Arthur, or the British Worthy*. In 1770, it was revived with considerable alterations by Mr. Garrick. It has since been considerably curtailed, and performed with some success under its present name. The business of it is sufficiently wild, and the exploits of the hero, King Arthur, are sufficiently wonderful for any thing, but the incidents are too preposterous to excite much interest, and the interposition of supernatural agents at every critical moment, leaves little opportunity for the display of ingenuity in extricating the principal personages of the masque from the perils by which they are surrounded.—A short outline of the plot may be necessary. Arthur, king of Britain, falls in love with Emmeline, the daughter of Conon, king of Cornwall, and she, though born blind, is yet capable of distinguishing him in preference to any other suitor, while Oswald the Saxon, king of Kent, in vain attempts to gain her affections. Both potentates, however, are doomed to hold a conflict with each other, and each calls to his aid the power of magic. Merlin, a magician of the greatest influence, is on the side of Arthur, and succeeds, by his incantations, in restoring the fair Emmeline to sight, the spirit of light descending with an unguent at the motion of his wand. The cause of Oswald is espoused by Osmond, a less potent votary of mystic rites, who, together with Grimbald, his ministering fiend, being at length overcome, are consigned to the dark abyss, while the rival kings decide their claims in single combat, to the utter discomfiture of Oswald, whose life is spared by his generous adversary, the hand of Emmeline being at the same time the reward of the victor.—The piece is now revived with great splendour of scenery, and the characters are generally well cast. Mr. Charles Kemble was to have enacted the king, but, owing to some disagreement with the manager (it is said,) the part devolved on Mr. Abbott, who represented it much better than might have been expected, from his undertaking it at a short notice. Con nor

as Oswald, and Miss Foote as Emmeline, received much applause, and we never heard Miss Tree to more advantage, for she sung with exquisite taste. We may add, that the whole of this masque is borrowed from Tasso, whose Rinaldo is represented by Arthur; the latter performing all that the former does in the poem, at least as far as relates to the enchanted forest, and the part immediately connected with it.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Maple Sugar.—Experiments were made some years since in France, for extracting sugar from the maple-tree, but they were subsequently abandoned. It appears, however, that in Bohemia, better success has been obtained, and that M. Bordard has received important information on the subject. An incision was made in a maple-tree, from which a quantity of syrup issued, which afterwards produced sugar, rivalling, as it is said, that of the beet-root, or the cane.

Glass.—A gentleman has recently discovered that glass may be rendered less brittle, and of course better able to bear sudden changes of temperature without breaking. His method is, to place the glass in a vessel of cold water, and the water is afterwards gradually heated until it boils, and then suffered to cool in the air. Glasses of every description thus prepared, will afterwards bear boiling water suddenly poured into them, without injury.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

An Irish barrister, describing a hypocritical pretender to charity, said, 'He put his hand in his breeches pocket like a crocodile.'

King Henry the Sixth was twice crowned, twice deposed, and twice buried, first at Chester, then at Windsor; and once half sainted, Henry the Seventh cheapening the price of his canonization, but would not give so much as was demanded.

A pert young lady was walking, one morning, on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she met a gentleman she knew, to whom she said, 'You see, sir, I am come out for a little sun and air.'—'You had better, madam, get a husband first,' said the wit.

A coal-dealer, near London, used, at this time of the year, to hang a cloth out all night on his garden wall. When he arose in the morning, he would ask his wife, if the cloth was frozen? And, on her answering 'Yes,' he would exclaim,—'God help the poor! we must lay a penny a bushel on our coals to-day.'

Handsome Compliment.—Lady C— was rallying the Turkish ambassador, concerning the Alcoran's permitting each Mussulman to have many wives, 'Tis true, madam,' replied the Turk; 'and it permits it, that the husband may, in several, find the various accomplishments which many English women, like your ladyship, singly possess.'

Expedition to Egypt.—When the late Lord Melville first proposed this successful expedition, it was strongly opposed in the Privy Council, and at last carried, by (it is reported) only one voice! Mr. Pitt gave a very reluctant consent, and the king wrote on the paper, in which he signified his acquiescence, words to the following effect:—'I give my consent to this measure with the greatest reluctance, as it tends to expose the flower of my army to perish in distant, dubious, and perilous expeditions!' Thus, Lord Melville had the entire responsibility of this important measure. When his Lordship retired from office, during the Sidmouth administra-

tion, he breakfasted with his majesty, at Wimbledon, and when about to leave the table, his majesty filled a glass of wine, and drank 'To the health of the minister who dared to advise and press the Egyptian expedition, which terminated so gloriously, against the opinion of his colleagues, and the express disapprobation of his sovereign!'

On Drunkenness.—Drunkenness expels reason, drowns memory, inflames the blood, diminishes strength, defaces beauty, disorders the senses, and causes internal, external, and incurable diseases. Drunkenness is a destroyer of domestic peace, a thief to the purse, a bar to friendship, makes the strong weak, and the weak foolish. A drunkard is a self-made idiot, a public disturber, and a self-murderer, who madly drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own.

French English.—The finest specimen of French English we know of, is the following inscription, placed by M. Girardin, at Ermenonville, to the memory of Shenstone:—

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural.
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian scenes rural.

Matrimonial Veterans.—A few days ago, six men met together at Ashford, who, reckoning the number of years they had each been married, found the total to amount to *three hundred and three* years.

A Mr. Pinch-back has obtained a patent for a machine for catching flies and wasps!

When Aneagoras, the philosopher, lay on his death bed, reduced to the last stage of want, his former pupil, Pericles, came to relieve him in his necessities. 'Ah! Pericles,' said the dying man, 'they who have occasion for lamps, feed them with oil before the flame expires.'

Epitaph.—There is a most concise epitaph on a stone, that covers the body of one of the fellows of St. John's College, Oxford, in the anti-chapel there. It is,

PRÆVIT,
He is gone before.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We should most readily have inserted the very able letter of * * T., did we not fear opening our pages to polemical or political controversy.

J. R. P. and Mr. H—s, in an early number. H's offered communication is sufficiently known already.

MRS. ROCHE'S NEW NOVEL.

This day is published, in four large vols. 12mo. price 28s. **THE MUNSTER COTTAGE BOY; a Tale,** by Maria Regina Roche, Author of the *Children of the Abbey*, &c. 'And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar Boy.'

Printed for A. K. NEWMAN and Co. Leadenhall Street.

The following will appear this Winter:

DACRESFIELD; or, *Vicissitudes on Earth*, by Cordelia, Chief Lady of the Court of Queen Mab, 4 vols.

THE HIGHLAND CASTLE, and the Lowland Cottage, by Rosalia St. Clair, Author of *The Blind Beggar*, &c. 4 vols.

DISORDER and ORDER, by Amelia Beauclerc, Author of *Montreithe*; or, *The Peer of Scotland*, &c. 3 vols.

OLD MANOR HOUSE, by Charlotte Smith, 4 vols. 2nd Edition.

DUKE OF CLARENCE, by E. M. F., 4 vols. 2nd Edition.

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